

The Boy and his Angel.

Oh, mother I've been with an angel to-day,  
I was out alone in the forest to play,  
Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees,  
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;  
So I played and I played till so weary I grew,  
I sat down to rest in the shade of a tree,  
While the birds sang so sweetly, high up in the  
top,  
I felt my breath, mother, for fear they would  
stop.  
Thus a long while I sat looking up to the sky,  
And watching the clouds that went hurrying  
by.  
When I heard a voice calling, just over my  
head,  
That sounded as if "Come, Oh brother!" it said;  
And there right up over the top of the tree,  
Oh mother an angel was beckoning to me.  
And, "brother, once more come, Oh brother,"  
he cried,  
And flew on light pinions close down by my  
side!  
And mother Oh, never was being so light,  
As the one which then became my wonder-  
ing sight.  
His form was as fair as the delicate shell,  
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,  
While his eyes resting on me so melting with  
love,  
Were as soft and so mild as the eyes of a dove;  
And somehow dear mother I felt not afraid,  
As his hand on my own hair caressing laid,  
And whispering so softly and so gently to me,  
"Come brother, the angels are waiting for  
thee!"  
And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed  
Such kisses, Oh mother, they thrilled through  
my breast  
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high  
When the chariot of God rolls along the black  
sky;  
While his breath floating round me soft as the  
breze  
That played in my tresses and rustled the trees.  
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,  
Then plucked his bright pinions, upwards he  
sailed;  
And up, up he went through the blue sky so  
fair.  
He seemed to float there like a glittering star;  
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant light,  
Till lost in the azure he passed from my sight.  
Then Oh how I feared as I caught the last gleam  
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!  
When soft voice whispered once more from  
the tree,  
"Come brother the angels are waiting for  
thee!"  
Oh pale grew the mother and heavy her heart,  
For she knew her fair boy from this world must  
depart,  
That his bright looks must fade in the dust of  
the tomb,  
Ere 't' autumn winds footsteps she watch'd day  
by day,  
As his delicate form wended slowly away,  
Till the soft light of Heaven seemed shed o'er  
his face,  
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.  
"Oh, clasp me dear mother, close, close to  
your breast,  
On that gentle pillow again let me rest,  
Let me gaze up once more to that dear loving  
eye,  
And then Oh, me thinks I can willingly die,  
Now kiss me dear mother! Oh quickly, for  
see—  
The bright blessed angels are waiting for me!  
Oh wild was the anguish that swept through  
her breast  
As the long frantic lies on his pale lips she  
pressed,  
And felt the vain search of his soft pleading  
eye,  
As it strove to meet her ere the fair boy should  
fly,  
"I see you not dear mother, for darkness and  
night  
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight,  
But I hear your low sobbings,—dear mother  
good bye,  
The angels are ready to bear me on high!  
I will wait for you there,—but Oh, hasty nothings,  
Loose grief at your absence should sadden my  
sight."  
He ceased, with his hands meekly clasped on  
his breast  
And his sweet face sank down on its pillow of  
rest;  
Then closed his eyes, now all rayless and dim,  
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night!  
None of your undecided showers, with  
hesitating intervals, as it were between;  
none of your mild persistent pattering on  
the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge,  
a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of  
opening floods!  
Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle  
against the eaves, and drew his snug  
easy chair a little closer to the fire—a  
great open mass of glimmering anthracite  
—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective  
satisfaction at the crimson moor  
cassins, and the gray cat sat asleep on  
the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a  
drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.  
"This is snug," quoth the Squire, "I'm  
glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof  
fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy  
night once in a while when a fellow's under  
cover, and there's nothing particular to be  
done, Mary!"  
"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was  
sitting about between kitchen and sitting  
room, with a great blue checked apron tied  
round her waist. "I'm nearly ready to  
come in now, Josiah. Now, I wonder,"  
she said, "if that was really a knock at  
the door, or just a little extra rush of the  
wind and rain."  
She went to the door, nevertheless, and  
a minute or two afterwards she went to  
her husband's chair.  
"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddle!" she  
said, half apprehensively. The Squire  
never looked up from his paper.  
"Tell him he's made a mistake. The  
tavern is on the second corner beyond."  
"But he wants to know if you will lend  
him a dollar!" said Mrs. Partlet.  
"And couldn't you have told him, No,  
without the preliminary ceremony of com-  
ing in here to ask me?" It is likely that I  
shall lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke  
Ruddle? Why, I had a great deal better  
throw it among yonder red coals!  
No—of course, No!"  
Mrs. Partlet hesitated.  
"He looks so pinched and cold and  
wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody  
in the world to let him have a cent."  
"All the better for him, if he did but  
know it," sharply enunciated the Squire.  
"If he had come to just that patch half a  
dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have  
been the miserable vagabond he is now."  
"We used to go to school together,"

said Mrs. Partlet, gently. "He was the  
smartest boy in the class."  
"That's probable enough," said the  
Squire. "But it don't alter the fact that  
he's a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him  
about his business, Mary; and if his time  
is of any consequence, just let him know  
that he had better not waste it coming  
here after dollars."  
And the Squire leaned back in his chair  
after a positive fashion, as if the whole  
matter was definitely settled.  
Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen,  
where Luke Ruddle was spreading his  
poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his  
tattered garments steaming as if he was a  
pillar of vapor.  
"He won't let you have it, Luke," said  
she. "I thought he wouldn't."  
"Then I've got to starve, like any other  
dog," said Luke Ruddle, turning moodily  
away. "And after all, I don't suppose  
it makes much difference whether I shuffle  
out of the world to-day or to-morrow!"  
"Oh, Luke, not to your wife?"  
"She'd be better off without me," said  
Luke, downheartedly.  
"But she ought not to be."  
"Ought and are are two different things,"  
Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I ain't going  
to the tavern, though I'll wager something  
the Squire thought I was."  
"And isn't it natural enough he should  
think so Luke?"  
"Yes—yes, Mary. I don't say but what  
it is," murmured Luke Ruddle, in the  
same dejected tone he had used through-  
out the interview.  
"Stop!" Mrs. Partlet called to him, as  
he hand lay on the door latch in a low  
voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet  
gave it to me for a new piece of oilcloth  
front of the dining room stove, but I'll  
try and make the old one do a little while  
longer. And Luke, for the sake of old  
times—for the sake of your poor wife and  
the little ones at home—do try to do  
better."  
Luke Ruddle looked vacantly first at  
the fresh new bank bill in his hand, and  
then at the blooming young matron who  
had placed it there.  
"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept  
out of the warm, bright kitchen into the  
storm and darkness that reigned without.  
Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen  
fire.  
"I dare say I've done a very foolish  
thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could  
not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at  
the public house, and I shall do without  
my new oilcloth; that will be the end of  
it all.  
And there was a conscious flush on her  
cheek, as if she had done something wrong,  
when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting  
room.  
"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that  
nec' do well gone at last?"  
"Yes."  
"To Stokes' tavern, I suppose?"  
"I hope not, Josiah!"  
"I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the  
Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now  
for a pleasant evening. How it does  
rain, to be sure."  
And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the  
dollar bill within her own heart.  
It was six months afterwards that the  
Squire came into the room where his wife  
was preserving great red apples into jelly.  
"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never  
will cease. The Ruddleloves have gone  
away."  
"Where?"  
"I don't know—out West somewhere,  
with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't  
touched a drop in six months."  
"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet.  
"He won't last long," said the Squire,  
despairingly.  
"Why not?"  
"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith  
in these sudden reforms."  
Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought  
thoughtfully that, after all, Luke had not  
spent the dollar in liquor.  
Six months—six years—the time sped  
long, in days and weeks, almost before  
busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was  
gone. The Ruddleloves had come back to  
Sequester. Luke had made his fortune, as  
the story went in the far away El Dorado,  
vaguely phrased "out West" by the simple  
Sequesterites.  
"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham,  
"that he's bought that ere lot down op-  
posite the Court House, and he's going  
to build such a house as never was."  
"He must have prospered greatly," said  
gentle Mrs. Partlet.  
"And his wife, she wears a silk gown  
that will stand alone with its own rich-  
ness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can re-  
member when Luke Ruddle was nothing  
but a poor drunken creature."  
"All the more credit to him now," said  
Mrs. Partlet sympathetically.  
"It's to be sure all 'at," said Mrs.  
Buckingham, "with marble mantles and  
hoid-fours. And he's put a lot of papers  
and things under the corner one."  
"The corner what?" said Mrs. Partlet,  
laughing.  
"Floor or mantle?"  
"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Bucking-  
ham. "Like they do in public buildings,  
you know."  
"That is natural enough."  
"Well, it's kind of queer, but Luke  
Ruddle never want like any body else.  
Folks thinks it's dreadful strange he should  
put a one dollar bill in with other things."  
Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek flush a little;  
involuntarily she glanced up to where the  
Squire was severely checking off a list of  
legal items in the bill he was making out  
against some client. But the Squire never  
looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went  
on with her never-ceasing flow of chat  
and so the hot color died away in her cheek.  
After all the money had been her own to  
give, and the old oilcloth in front of the  
dining room stove had answered very well.  
She met Luke Ruddle that afternoon  
for the first time since his return from Se-  
quester—Luke himself, yet not himself.  
The demon of intemperance crushed out of  
his nature, and it's better, nobler elements  
triumphed at last. He looked her brightly  
in the face, and he held out his hand.

house has risen from it and it alone. I  
won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid,"  
he added, smilingly, "the luck would all  
go from me with it; but I'll tell you what  
I will do, Mary. I will give money and  
words of trust and encouragement to some  
other poor wretch, as you gave to me."  
And Squire Partlet never knew what his  
wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to  
buy a new piece of oilcloth.  
THE LOTTERTY BUSINESS.—It is esti-  
mated by a person fully conversant with  
its details that there are in New York  
city between five hundred and fifty and  
six hundred places where lottery num-  
bers are sold. The amount of money  
daily received at these places averages  
\$20,000 per day, or \$120,000 per week,  
and for the year \$6,240,000. The pro-  
fits of the business, if legitimately con-  
ducted, would be great; as it is, they  
are claimed to be enormous. It is al-  
leged that the business is now simply  
fraudulent. The numbers given out to  
the various policy shops, and against  
which those who invest their money  
play or bet, are supposed to be those  
first drawn in the lotteries sanctioned by  
the States of Louisiana and Missouri,  
the results of such drawings being tele-  
graphed each day from the places where  
the drawings are held to the principals  
of the lottery business in this city. It  
is alleged that in many instances these  
numbers have been falsified in order to  
cheat those who have wagered on the  
result, and in various other ways have  
the credulous gamblers been duped.  
THE WOMEN OF UTAH.—The petition  
against polygamy, signed by women of  
Utah, has created a great sensation there,  
and the papers are full of it. The ladies  
who drew up and circulated the petition  
say in a card they have published: "Think  
what regard for womanly purity and  
delicacy must prevail in a family  
where a mother and all her daughters  
hold the relation of wives to the same  
man. Think how much Mormonism  
has done to elevate womanhood, when  
it has sanctioned the marriage of men  
to their own wives and even their own  
half-sisters. Think how womanly deli-  
cacy is fostered in households, (and there  
are many such in this Territory) where  
the home consists of a cabin with but a  
single room which is occupied by a man  
and his three or four wives with their  
grown daughters. Is it any wonder that  
true women everywhere, virtuous mat-  
rons and pure-minded girls, should enter  
their indignant protest against a sys-  
tem which has produced such results?"  
A NEW CRIME ON BEHOLD.—One of  
the petty kings in India has proved him-  
self to be a shrewd statesman. He has  
been troubled by a swarm of beggars in  
his kingdom, and illness was rapidly  
increasing. The evil was so alarming  
that he resorted to strong measures to  
cure it. He ordered that all paupers  
found begging should at once be com-  
pelled to learn to read and write. The  
law operates well in two ways. Some of  
the most worthless idlers prefer a little  
easy work to study, and they take to  
some kinds of labor to escape begging  
and its penalty. Others are glad of the  
opportunity of an education, and they  
make intelligent and skilful laborers.  
The King, in his anxiety to promote  
education, has also ordered that the  
families who cannot well spare their  
children for school on account of pov-  
erty shall receive a certain allowance  
from the State. Light is evidently  
spreading in India.

A SMART BOY.—The Detroit Free Press  
mourning the loss of a smart boy in this  
manner: "The public will regret to learn  
that the family of James Otis, Porter  
street, is to remove to Saginaw, taking  
young Johnny along. The boy started  
out two years ago by shooting himself.  
Two months after he choked himself  
with a fishbone. A few days after he  
built a fire in the barn and called out the  
steamer. He then swallowed a top, got  
run over by an ice wagon, fell into the  
river, was lost for three days, and first  
and last he has been a fountain of local  
news, whose value can not be estimated  
on a scale four feet square. If the Saginaw  
reporters only commence on him  
right he will 'pan out' at least three  
times per week. He should be furnished  
with a box of matches, a horse pistol, and  
plenty of gunpowder, and it won't do  
any harm to put him on the back occa-  
sionally and tell him that his efforts are  
appreciated."  
THE NEW CHICAGO.—Spite of the ter-  
rible affliction experienced a few months  
since by Chicago, her population is  
larger by several thousand than a year  
ago. It was claimed in April that fall  
fifteen per cent of the burnt portion of  
the city had been restored, and the pa-  
pers now tell us that at least thirty per  
cent has been rebuilt. At that rate, by  
the first of next January the greater part  
of destroyed Chicago will be restored.  
And not only restored. It will be much  
grander, much more beautiful, and much  
better adapted to the necessities of trade  
and home life. Mean wooden buildings  
which defaced the principal streets will  
be replaced by magnificent blocks of  
brick and marble, and improvements  
which were imperatively needed but  
which would have been postponed for  
years, will now be made. After all, was  
the Chicago fire a chastening or a dis-  
aster?  
HOSPITALITY.—A pig-drover, early in the  
morning, having in vain knocked for  
admittance at the doors of a public house  
near the gates of the Polish town Jaros-  
law, at last bethought himself of looking  
through one of the windows, when he  
was struck by a most appalling sight.  
There lay several horribly mutilated  
corpses in a pool of blood. The landlord,  
his wife, three children (the eldest of  
whom is six years of age), and a maid-  
servant, were found in the same room,  
with bleeding wounds and broken skulls.  
The whole house was in a state of dis-  
order. The perpetrators have not been  
traced as yet.  
SENSIBLE IDEA.—The board of agricul-  
ture of the state of Maine has decided  
that one-fourth of the money received  
from the state by the county agricul-  
tural societies shall be devoted to the or-  
ganization of farmers' clubs.  
AN EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR ad-  
mission to the Military Academy at West  
Point, resulted in the rejection of twenty-  
four out of ninety-one applicants.

THE ANTI-JEWISH RIOT.  
A correspondent of the Levant Herald  
writing from Smyrna, says: "We have  
passed through a week of great excite-  
ment and anxiety at Smyrna. A few  
days ago the report drew around the town  
that the body of a poor Christian child  
of four years of age was lying exposed at  
the Greek hospital, who had been tortured  
and murdered by a band of ferocious can-  
nibal Jews, who, it was declared, required  
the blood of a Christian child as a sacri-  
fice every year at their Passover. I at  
once proceeded to the Greek Hospital, as  
upward of 10,000 people had done before  
me, and on inquiry of the surgeon found  
that the death of the child had been one  
of accidental drowning.  
On expressing my surprise that such a  
melodramatic sort of exhibition should  
be made over the body, the crowd being  
admitted in immense numbers to inspect  
and overhaul the remains, I was assured  
that there was no other way of counteract-  
ing the effect of the fable in circulation,  
and persuading the excited populace that  
the child had been simply drowned and  
not put to death by torture. Even as it  
was, the worthy surgeon expressed his  
fear that the fanaticism of the mob would  
lead to serious results, and his apprehen-  
sion, unfortunately, was too speedily and  
sadly realized. A fearful onset was made  
upon the Jews that very day. In vain  
did the priests from the church pulpits  
and elsewhere proclaim the truth, and as-  
sure the people that the child had simply  
met its death by drowning. Every Jew  
met with was horribly maltreated, and  
after some hours of indelicate, in which  
it was vainly hoped that sober sense might  
prevail, the excited Greek mob, with all  
the raciality of the town in its train, made  
for the Jewish quarter, sacked the houses,  
murdered the inmates, and committed  
other acts of brutal atrocity. Many Jews  
at length turned upon their assailants, and  
from attacked, in self defense became at-  
tackers. Then the fury of the Greek rab-  
ble knew no bounds; men were fiendishly  
battered, women were violated, children  
even were not spared, and day after day  
until Wednesday was the Jewish quar-  
ter converted into a pandemonium of pil-  
lage, rape and murder. Not until then  
did Hamid Pasha, Governor of Smyrna,  
and responsible for human life and prop-  
erty within its walls, not until then did  
he advance the troops upon the scene and  
quell the mob effectually. The ap-  
parent inaction of Hamid Pasha may be  
explained by the fact that on Saturday he  
had only 180 soldiers in the town to make  
headway against 10,000 of a fanatical and  
exasperated Greek populace, whereas  
brought in hurriedly from all quarters, we  
have now eight full battalions of troops.  
The result is that the rioters have held  
their hands; the mob is kept thoroughly  
in check; and lamentable as what has  
occurred, you need have no fear of its re-  
newal."  
THE BIRDS IN WINTER.  
What do the birds do in winter? Many  
you know go South. As a general thing,  
winter's cold does not seem to affect those  
that stay with us. The truth is, birds are  
remarkably well guarded against cold by  
their thick covering of down and feathers,  
and the quick circulation of their blood.  
The chickadee is never so lively as in the  
cold weather. When the thermometer is  
three or four degrees below zero, it shows  
by its behavior that it is pretty cold. On  
such a morning I have seen a small flock  
of them on the sunny side of a thick hem-  
lock, rather quiet, with ruffled feathers,  
like balls of gray fur, waiting, with an oc-  
casional chirp, for the sun's rays to warm  
them up; a little sober, perhaps, but ready,  
if cold continued, to get used to it. What  
do they eat? Our merciful Father does  
not leave the earth bare. There is food  
enough and to spare. The seeds of the  
grasses and taller summer flowers, and the  
elders, birches and maples furnish sup-  
plies that the cold and snow does not de-  
stroy; also the buds of various trees and  
shrubs, for the birds do not first come in  
the spring, as some people think; there are  
birds all winter; there are insects, too.  
A sunny nook any time during the winter  
will show you a variety of two-winged  
flocks, and several kinds of spiders, often in  
numbers, and as brisk as ever. Then in the  
services of the tree bark and dead wood  
there must be something nice to be had,  
judging from the activity of the chickadees,  
goldcrests, and their associates. In the  
winter no mischief can be done; there is  
noout to steal. Nothing can be destroyed  
now except the farmers' enemies; yet the  
birds keep at work all the time. Winter,  
too, is favorable to sociability among birds  
as among people. The chickadees are  
the gold-crested wren, the white-breasted  
nuthatch, and the downy wood-pecker form  
a little winter clique. You do not often  
see one of the members without one or  
more of the others. No sound in nature  
is more cheery than the calls of a little  
troop of this kind, echoing through the  
woods on a still, sunny day in winter—  
the lively chatter of the chickadee, the  
sleazier contented pipe of the golden crests,  
and the emphatic, business-like hank of  
the nuthatch, as they drift leisurely along  
from tree to tree.  
TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, oh  
excellent wife, number not yourself and  
me to get a curiously rich dinner for this  
man and woman that have alighted at  
our gate; or bed-chamber made ready  
at too great a cost; these things, if they  
are curious in them, they can get for  
a few shillings in any village; but  
rather let this stranger see, if he will,  
in your looks, accents, and behavior,  
your heart and earnestness, your thought  
and will, what he cannot buy at any  
price in the city, what he may well travel  
twenty miles, and dine sparingly, and  
sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the  
emphasis of hospitality, be in bed and  
board; but truth, love, and honor,  
and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—  
Emerson.

TOM.  
There is a picture for sale in a neigh-  
boring city with which there is connected  
a curious story. On the back is scrawled,  
"T. A. Obitt 1867." The artist died more  
than half a century ago, for a cause of suicide  
more common than love, or religious mania,  
or despair; and as poor Tom was well known,  
and near akin to many of our readers, the  
history of his picture and himself seems  
to us worth telling. As for the picture,  
it is in execution nothing but a  
cude, strong dash or two of color; only  
a bit of sandy beach, a dead woman  
washed ashore, a man keeping watch over  
her, and a bird, the solitary living thing  
in the world, disappearing in the stormy  
sky, leaving him alone with his dead.  
But there is the subtle something in it  
which touches us, as do all great utter-  
ances of truth or human feeling; it is one  
of the inspired words, painted, or spoken,  
or written, that are strong as love, or  
grief, or death, and share their nature.  
There was something about the painter,  
too, from the time he was a boy, that set  
him apart from other men as one who had  
a message given him to utter. After all,  
God does give nowadays to certain men  
special errands to their fellows; and  
whether it be to make them cry or laugh,  
to call them to be heroes or saints, to  
show the stupendous glory of misery or  
comfort under life, or to explain fishes, or  
like Hezekiah, to be filled with the spirit  
of God in working with iron and brass,  
they carry about them the signs of their  
commission as plain as the shining on Mo-  
ses' face when he came down from the  
mountains with the tables of stone. Even  
as a boy, Tom knew that he had an errand.  
It might be but a petty thing, a picture to  
paint, or a crayon sketch or two to finish.  
But it was his work, which no man could  
do but himself. He caught hints of it ev-  
erywhere in the glass of water flickering  
in his hand, or the stone under his feet as  
much as the song birds sung or the life of  
some other man greatly loved. It was  
clear enough to him; but flickering light  
or songs and loves of others would not  
make it clear to the world. There were  
times when the desire for its utterance  
was so strong upon him that if he could  
have accomplished his work he would  
have been ready, shy, hearty, young fel-  
low as he was to cry, "Lord, now let  
Thy servant depart in peace." He did  
not fall into the usual mistake of genius  
as to the ease of delivering his message. He  
had a ship-shod dependance on winged  
Pegasus to carry him, or draughts from  
Heli-con to give him divine strength. Slow  
and incessant work, and undiminished  
energy to his errand, he knew only would  
carry him safely to his journey's end,  
and he set out on his career most gal-  
lantly.  
But Tom was poor, and Tom married;  
married a woman who thoroughly recog-  
nized him and his errand. They lived in  
a shabby little house in the suburbs of  
New York, where their first baby was  
born; a house where the roof leaked, and  
where the floors were earthen. But  
going there, you found their talk furnished  
with such high and noble thoughts, their  
daily lives so rich in love, so gay in jests  
and fancies, so sweet and admirable in  
temper, that the background of want  
seemed only meant to throw into relief  
these sunshiny figures. Books, too, mu-  
sic, nature, and art meant so much more  
to them than to other men and women;  
they drew such strength and wealth out  
of even the blades of grass at their gate  
or the sunlight on their bare floor, that one  
could not but envy the rich heritage that  
would bequeath to their boy. It was  
about this time this picture was painted.  
Men found in it something of a message  
from the gods struggling to be heard;  
they looked curiously at Tom and said,  
"Presently we shall have a great man  
among us." But they did not buy the  
picture. They did not buy any of Tom's  
pictures.  
As years went by this fact forced itself  
closer and closer upon the painter. The  
more he fixed his eyes upon the stars the  
more his empty pocket took life and gnawed  
like a fox at his vitals. He and his  
wife could have always found food and  
royal clothing for themselves in their con-  
sciousness of their great work for man-  
kind, but for their boys they wanted  
bread, beef, and potatoes to equal  
those of their neighbor's children across  
the way. One day a picture auctioneer  
offered Tom a place as "back." "Give up  
this Flemish accuracy and this peculiar  
fancy which struggles through all your  
work. You can dash me off two or three  
bold studies a day; something to catch  
the public eye. Coarse as you please.  
You need never put your name to them."  
The wages offered were a competency.  
It was an everyday transaction; the man  
had simply to make a choice between  
poverty with his own work and wealth  
without it. To Tom, however, it seemed  
a choice between God and Mammon.  
It threatened to reach soul and body asunder.  
But the children had their hands  
upon him. Should they not have their  
share of the world's comfort, gentility,  
style? Tom went into the room where all  
hacks tramp together, their treadmill  
round which leads nowhere in life or death.  
He had meant to be deaf and blind if any  
fool summoned him out of it. But he  
never heard again the heavenly Call. His  
body is alive yet, goes about, with those  
of his wife and children, well-fed and  
well-to-do. Their floors are carpeted  
with cheap Brussels, and in their clothes  
they follow the fashions scrupulously and  
promptly. But Tom, sliding this old pic-  
ture exposed for sale the other day, in  
newspaper offices, in the pulpits, that we  
have thought it worth while to tell his  
story. We do not know whether he ever  
questions what the loss in his choice has  
been to himself, his children or the world;  
but it may not be too late for some of  
them to pause in theirs, and ask them-  
selves, "Was this well done?"  
THE FARMER.—According to the re-  
port of the Massachusetts Bureau of  
statistics, very few farmers in Massa-  
chusetts are making more than a living out  
of their farms. The average wages of  
agricultural laborers per month, with  
board, is \$27.52—without board, \$44.82;  
of women, with board, \$12.17—without  
board, \$26.39. These women usually do  
household and dairy work, though in  
some localities women are employed in  
light field labor. The laborers hired for  
the season work ten hours from April  
to November, and eight the rest of the  
year, besides doing the chores at the  
barn. Very few native Americans are  
now hired as farm laborers; there are  
fifty per cent of Irish, fifteen of French  
Canadians, ten Nova Scotians, five of  
Germans, and twenty of natives.  
A TERRE HAUTE, Ind., professional  
sleep-chamberer says that he has not seen  
such fine fleeces in the last fifteen years  
as this year's clip shows.

Bennett and Webb.  
The late Mr. Bennett twice suffered  
street-attacks from Mr. James Watson  
Webb. The first attack was made on  
Wall street in the month of January,  
1836. On this occasion Mr. Bennett was  
knocked down and struck with a stick.  
He told the story in the Herald, saying:  
"General Webb, by going up behind me,  
cut a slash in my head, about one  
and a half inches in length, and through  
the integuments of the skull. The fel-  
low, no doubt, wanted to let out the  
never-failing supply of good humor and  
wit, which has created such a reputation  
for the Herald, and appropriate the con-  
tents to supply the emptiness of his own  
thick skull. He has not injured the  
skull. My ideas in a few days will flow  
as freely as ever, and he will find it so  
to his cost." The result of this report  
was that the Herald containing the ac-  
count of the fracas sold 9,000 copies.  
On the 9th of May, 1836, Mr. Bennett  
was again assaulted by General Webb in  
Wall street, very near the scene of the  
former attack. As was the case with the  
first assault a newspaper controversy led  
to this second exhibition of anger on the  
part of General Webb. The particulars  
of this affair were also given in the  
Herald by Mr. Bennett. In his autobio-  
graphical account of it, after describing  
the mode of General Webb's attack he  
said: "My damages are a scratch, about  
three quarters of an inch in length, on  
the third finger of the left hand, which  
I received from the iron railing I was  
forced against, and three buttons torn  
from my vest, which any tailor will re-  
instate for a sixpence. His loss is a rent  
from top to bottom of a very beautiful  
black coat, which cost the ruffian \$40,  
and a blow in the face, which may have  
knocked down his throat some of his bal-  
ance teeth for anything I know. Bal-  
ance in my favor, \$39 94." Thus was it  
that even out of his misfortunes did Mr.  
Bennett extract nourishment for his  
struggling paper. It was by such direct  
gossip with the public, upon all imagin-  
able subjects, light sketches of city life,  
and half earnest and half cynical refer-  
ences to events in which he himself  
figured, that in the earlier years of the  
Herald was laid the foundation of its  
ultimate success as a newspaper.  
In a Cranberry Patch.  
Some years ago Mr. Sackett was a  
successful merchant in Chicago and being  
known as a man of generous and specu-  
lative turn of mind he was requested by  
two friends of his to invest with them an  
equal share in the purchase of western  
land with a view to its rapid increase in  
price. More as an accommodation to them  
than regard for the profit, he consented,  
and furnishing his part they went West  
to make the purchase, while he remained  
at his business in Chicago. Now these  
enterprising friends of his found that  
they could buy up a large tract of land  
near Berlin, Wis., very low by including  
in it a portion of worthless swamp. They  
closed the trade and in making the divi-  
sion among themselves they took each a  
third of the fine land and left the mid-  
dle and water for Mr. Sackett, who had never  
seen the land and accepted the division  
on faith in his friends and for some time  
he continued to pay the taxes until he  
failed in business and thinking to realize  
on the sale of it, he went West for  
that purpose, when to his dismay, he  
found that far from being able to sell it,  
he could not even give it away. Sighing  
just a little at the duplicity of his friends,  
who had so divided the valuable and left  
him the worthless, he wandered over the  
swamp, he almost disdained to call his  
own and splashed through its mud and  
water in desperate hopelessness. Poverty  
and want, stared him in the face, when,  
lo, something else stared him in the face  
too; he found something upon his land.  
What was it? It was not California gold  
nor North Africa diamonds, neither was  
it oil, iron or coal. It was wild Cran-  
berries. "Presto change!" Now mark  
the result; that land is worth \$800 per  
acre, and he is worth half a million dol-  
lars. He was a shrewd man, with an eye  
to business and he saw at once a fortune  
in those Cranberries and went to work to  
realize it by cultivation and systematic  
labor, and now he has a regularly trained  
brigade of children and hands to pick  
and prepare the Cranberries for market,  
for which he realizes as high as \$24 per  
barrel, while the men who intended to  
play a joke on him now mourn over their  
own unvaluable land and sigh for the for-  
tune their joking lost them.  
This is true, and if it is not as romantic  
as fiction, it has a better moral.  
A WORD TO LANDLORDS.—The New  
York Standard in referring to the summer  
dilemma of so many Americans to Europe,  
takes the occasion to say a few words to  
the landlords, who, it declares, are actually  
driving away remunerative customers by  
their greed. While there are places,  
within two or three hundred miles of our  
large cities, possessing abundant attrac-  
tions, thousands go abroad as a matter of  
economy. They assert that so high are  
the hotel charges at our own watering  
places and mountain resorts that they can-  
not afford to seek health and a summer's  
pleasure at home. It is cheaper to pay for  
a week or ten days on the ocean and pass  
two or three months in England, France,  
Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, than  
to climb the White Mountains, sketch  
the lunar bow at Niagara or taste the surf  
at Long Branch or Newport. Europe offers  
more for the money, so whether our citi-  
zens go, taking very considerable amounts  
of currency which they would much  
rather spend at home, provided it could  
be made to go as far.  
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port of the Massachusetts Bureau of  
statistics, very few farmers in Massa-  
chusetts are making more than a living out  
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A TERRE HAUTE, Ind., professional  
sleep-chamberer says that he has not seen  
such fine fleeces in the last fifteen years  
as this year's clip shows.

Facts and Fancies.  
The word love in the Indian language  
is "schelundamouhwaegerat."  
Minnesota whiskey sales have been  
fined \$50 for selling liquor to habitual  
drunkards.  
A new bug has arrived in the Western  
States. He bores into grape vines and  
kills them.  
An Indiana patriarch has lived to form  
the acquaintance of his great-great-great  
grandchild.  
The British iron product in 1871  
5,500,000 tons a year, and the American  
about 2,000,000 tons.  
England, last year, bought \$184,000,  
000 of cotton from the United States,  
and made it up into \$372,000,000 worth  
of goods.  
Texas papers report that ten Indians,  
who recently raided into Wise county,  
were all killed by the sheriff and his  
assistants.  
Some jocosse fellows in Newbern, Ind.,  
robbed a friend in the night for a joke  
and paid a heavy fine the next day in  
earnest. The friend had no sense of  
humor.  
Judge Hoar once said of a lawyer:  
"He has reached the superlative life; at  
first he sought to get on, and then he  
sought to get honor, and now he is try-  
ing to get honest."  
Startling developments have come to  
light in St. Paul, Minn., exposing an at-  
tempt by a Mr. Robinson to bribe  
members of the grand jury not to bring  
in any indictment against her.  
An attorney in that delightful coun-  
try, New Mexico, gave sight to his ar-  
gument before his special dele-  
gation. He thus accounted for the egg's  
smallness: "Mamma, I think  
the chicken was learning to lay."  
It is estimated that there are 400  
saloons and groceries in San Francisco,  
which dispense annually 20,000 barrels  
of lager, 50,000 gallons of wine, and  
2,000,000 gallons of the more stimu-  
lating fluids, the total value of which  
is \$10,000,000.  
A young lady in New Hampshire has  
just secured a position as school teacher  
upon the following certificate: "This  
is to certify that Laura Noyes stands on  
a medium with other girls of her age  
and sex, and, for what I know, is as good  
as folks in general."  
Billy Brennan, while playing cards in  
San Antonio, Texas, and, like game  
turned out, said, "Mr. Christian, re-  
alize me!" a favorite expression of his.  
No sooner had the words escaped him  
than he fell down in a fit, from which at  
last accounts he had not recovered.  
Little Johnny Moore, away out in  
Monroe, Mich., went to a picnic, and  
like a foolish little boy that he was, tried  
to smoke a cigar. It made him sick, of  
course, and he drew himself in on the wet  
grass and lay there a long time. The  
result was he had congestive chills and  
died.  
A physician was called to see a dying  
infant in Mobile, and found that the  
parents had previously engaged the ser-  
vices of a Voodoo woman, named Ellen  
Drake, who scented the child's back,  
and made it swallow the blood that flow-  
ed, mixed with a quantity of the  
mother's milk.  
A Boston bride, whose groom remon-  
strated with her at the wedding for in-  
dulging in a rather indiscriminate bestow-  
al of her maiden kisses on a number  
of her male friends, remarked with natu-  
ral naivete that the gentlemen in question  
had been in the habit of kissing her all  
her life, and she didn't see